# The Seed Sower.

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## Easter Hymn.

Now the Feast of feasts is here,
Alleluia!
Crown of days that grace the year,
Alleluia!
Come, the note of praise prolong,
Alleluia!
Christians, in your Easter song,
Alleluia!

Lo, the sting of Death is flown,
Alleluia!
Love its terrors hath o'erthrown,
Alleluia!
Prostrate lies the strength of Sin,
Alleluia!
Christ the victor's crown doth win,
Alleluia!

Father, in Whose might was won,
Alleluia!
This the triumph of Thy Son,
Alleluia!
Grant that making ours His gain,
Alleluia!
We with Him may rise and reign,
Alleluia!

A. B.

## Entrance and Growth into the Kingdom of God.

SERMON BY THE

REV. STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A.

"Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, le us go on to perfection."

He who enters for the first time a great and beautiful city, like Venice, where Nature and Art are both supreme, and at every step we touch some historic glory, needs, if he would understand and love the city, to enter it in the spirit, not of a scholar but a child. He should let wonder and love, joy, reverence and sadness have their natural and unbridled way in him. It were well if he could lose self-consciousness in his delight, even though delight should at first leave no time, and have no care for thought. For thus the full unbroken impression of the living spirit which dwells in the loveliness of the city—ancient, but for ever young—takes full possession of him; and he never loses the perfection of that early vision, the first glory of that indwelling. Whatever he may afterwards receive or gain, whatever afterwards he may have to modify, this is his most lasting possession. The genius of the place has entered into him and becomes, in his imagination, an actual personality. He makes, as

Pygmalion made his statue, the town alive by his love of it.

But if we enter it armed with theories on its painting or architecture, the rightness of which we go to prove; with knowledge of its history and government which we wish to increase, and which so absorbs us that we cannot see first the beauty and the sentiment of the city, and love it well; if we enter it as the Pharisees thought they would enter the Kingdom of God, bending it to their will, their power, or their pride—we shall not see the city at all, never love it, and, therefore, never really comprehend it. Or enter it, hugging some prejudice to our breast, in favour of the Renaissance architecture, or of the Venetian Romanesque—or refusing to look at any pictures save those of the great school of colour—and what is the result? Our prejudice has deprived us of half the pleasure we ought to have in the other and various buildings of Venice, in the other schools of noble painting, and, above all, has prevented us from seeing—because all Art is successive and interlocked—the whole beauty of the City's Art, even of that special form of it which we admire.

Or enter the town, resolved to study and care for one thing alone—architecture for example—driven by that scientific gadfly of investigation which hurries you to neglect of the realms of beauty or of sentiment, and you accomplish, it is true, your end. You master Venetian architecture; but you return home, having lost the best good you might have attained—a good far more important than the addition you have made to your knowledge—a vital, passionate, personal impression of the soul of the city.

This illustrates what was said by Jesus with regard to the child's heart and the Kingdom of God. We attempt to enter it with pre-conceived ideas of its form and spirit, proud of our views of it, not humbly seeking its essence; loving our own opinions of what it ought to be, not loving it because it is Love; desiring to prove that our idea of it is the true one, that we may plume ourselves on our rightness, and then tell the world that we alone are right about it, and that all the rest of the seekers for it are wrong! Is not that the history of a hundred sects and churches and religionists? We want it to have only one voice, one set of words, one creed—and it has a thousand forms. It has to speak to all nations; to suit itself to all climates of the body and the soul; to adapt itself to divers classes, to be at home with all kinds of characters. Like a vast and beautiful city, it has many phases, but one spirit. Remember then, remember, that if we enter that manifold Kingdom, prejudiced for one form of it alone, we miss the universal spirit of the Kingdom.

We are prejudiced, I will suppose, in favour of the Ritualist, or Evangelical or Liberal Architecture of its truths; in favour of Church or Nonconformist worship, of fixed creeds or open trusts, of its Protestant, Greek, or Roman Catholic profession; and we are proud—so weak are men, so dim-sighted—of our narrow judgment. Alas, this specialized prejudice hides from our view the all-pervading beauty of the love of the Father, which underlies all forms of Christ's religion, even the most superstitious; which speaks in music out of all its temples to the heart of the child who loves and trusts and is humble in spirit. And missing thus the universality of the Kingdom, we also miss its variety.

Or, we think we enter the Kingdom of Christ when we become good scholars in Christian History or Christian Theology, and, indeed, a man may be a good scholar in these things, and have also the spirit of a child towards the Father. But he is subject to a severe temptation.

He tends to be proud of his knowledge of the history of the Kingdom, or mistakes theological knowledge for the true papers of its citizenship. The moment such pride masters him the spirit of the kingdom is hidden from him, as the spirit of Venice is from most of the analysing commentators of its history and its painting. Of the divine and lovely countenance of the Kingdom of Love we then see nothing. For the Kingdom of God is not theology or its history, or metaphysical doctrines and the knowledge of them, any more than the city is its architecture, its history or its art.

The Kingdom Jesus opened to our heart was the kingdom of love; God's love to us as a Father, our love of Him as a child; our love of one another as Christ also loved us. It was the kingdom of trust and faith in God, such as a child feels towards its father and mother. It

was the kingdom of an impassioned righteousness and hatred of sin, the kingdom of faith in invisible realities, of hope, of infinite expansion. It is such righteousness, faith and hope as any child who loves can have and feel within its child-like limits, or, without reasoning on them, can dream in dim imagination; for more wonders are wrought in a child's brain, kindled by love, perhaps by faint remembrance, than we can understand. It was the kingdom, above all, of unconsciousness of self, of self-forgetfulness, that divinest quality and power, the very essence of good, which we only touch—as it were for a fleeting hour—when we are a child. This is the Kingdom of God. It makes its own separate impression of eternal love on every heart; and to feel that impression, which is God's seal on us, kindling in us a life of thought and love, to find it impelling us into an active life of love among our fellow men; and developing a character in us and in our daily life correspondent to itself, as we love and act under its impulse—that is the true entrance into the kingdom; and it may be won by those who have not a shred of knowledge of its history or of its theology, who are wholly ignorant of the creeds and the metaphysics which men have built about it like sheds about a palace. But having entered the kingdom as a child much yet remains to be done. We must afterwards move on; and again I have recourse to my analogy.

When we have gained our vital, heartfelt, spiritual impression of the city, then we are justly fitted to pass onwards from the unquestioning reception of its beauty and spirit to active employment of our mind upon all that can be known about the city. After we have first loved, we are fitted to know. That is the second matter, and now it is of great importance. We leave the first impression behind, but we never lose it, though we leave it. However much we learn afterwards, the one thing needful which we have acquired remains unspoilt and supreme. We can always, when we are weary of the history of the city, of search into its origins, of classifying its schools of painting, of comparing its architectures, of all the work of the intellect upon it,—we can always get back in a moment into that first spiritual love of it which enthralled the heart of our imagination, which was made of pure emotion, which saw the beautiful place as a child sees the world—not in parts, as the understanding sees it, but as a whole which lives. But then, having gained that power, we must now increase its capacity—adorn it with knowledge, enhance its beauty with a thousand details, add to it new interests from its history, its work, its great characters; develop our pleasure in it by study of its arts, its scenery, and its religion; compare it with other cities and distinguish it from them. Having received the city like a child, we must now try to comprehend it as a man. And for this kind of work we are now perfectly free. No prejudice besets us for one form of architecture or one school of painting. We no longer confine beauty to one of its forms, but see it wherever it breathes or burns. No specialised knowledge which we now gain prevents us from interest in every other knowledge. We have secured the spirit of the whole; and now there is nothing in it—no building, picture, no relation of it to nature, no event in its history, no separate phase of life among its indwellers, which does not fall into its own place and become an ordered and necessary part of the whole growth of the city, or cease to tell its associated tale to our admiration and our love. Every new impression, then, every piece of new knowledge, adds to the organic whole new reasons for love, enriches with new splendours and new interests the original impression.

This is to live as a man in the kingdom of the city we have entered as a child. But the real Venice, the living city, is that which we loved at first. That abides beneath all the after work; and should we lose it, the after-work is dead.

The analogy is plain. We enter the Kingdom of God in the spirit of a child, and for a time that is enough. And it would always be enough if we were living in a world where there were no battle against evil. But since the battle is there, we must move out of the state of childhood into the state of warriors for God and man; leaving the joyous beginnings of the Christian life for the difficult struggle for perfection in love. We must add to our faith knowledge, and to knowledge experience, and to experience patience. We must pass from contemplation of God into action for Him, from our innocence of evil into battle for goodness, from the garden of the Lord

into the desert we are to till for man. We must adorn our first love with knowledge, develop our first sense of God into wider views of His nature and His work, pass from one aspiration to another, wait for and receive, every year, new revelations of His character, penetrate deeper and deeper into the infinite of love, truth and righteousness, and daily see God more clearly in His work on the whole world of man than we see Him in ourselves.

But however far we may move on in this difficult and mountainous way, we still keep fresh as the morning the first child-like feeling of love and trust and humility with which we entered the kingdom. We still fall back upon it when we are wearied with battle and experience. It is still the refuge and joy of the soul. When we are involved in doubtful problems, ensnared in strange phases of feeling, exhausted with inward trial, sick of mysteries, half ruined in despairs—we can, in a moment, relieve our heart by returning to those first unchanged impressions of child-like reverence, trust, joy and love, which told us that we were at one with God and God with us. That was reality; that was the very truth. Nothing which can happen can deprive us of that early ravishment. I have felt God to be My Father. I have laid my head like a child upon his breast. And this, in the trouble of life, is peace and refreshment.

Moreover, we are free from all prejudice, intolerance, and bigotry, while we now grow in knowledge, experience and endurance of trial, just because we have kept the childlike heart with which we entered the kingdom. We know that the spirit of love is the main thing, and that the intellectual, national, church or sect forms which it takes are only of temporary importance. If a man love God and man, if he trust his Father, if he be contrite, yet sure of forgiveness, gracious and humble, a little child before God, it does not matter a straw what form of creed he has, or by what channel he draws near to God. Dogmatic forms, creeds, confessions are interesting. They ought to be known, their merits balanced, a just judgment formed of them, a choice made of them whenever we want intellectual forms of spiritual truths—but we know that they are not the kingdom itself, and we are in no danger of imagining that they or their ritual are necessary for a divine life. We are creed from forms and their chains, because we rest on God alone, on His infinite love and goodness. Yet we use the forms: but as masters, not as slaves.

All we ask of any special theological school is that it should be ruled in all its doctrine and practice by the spirit of Jesus, and do and say nothing which contradicts His loving kindness. In all schools of theology we see, without prejudice, that original beauty wherever it is developed. One school may suit our growth better than another, and we choose it for our transient home, but we are ready to leave it if we find that another enables us to get closer to our Father. Yet, when we leave it, we do not cease to see the good in it, nor condemn it as useless to others. Nor does any special evil in this or that form of religion forbid us to confess its use in the great whole, nor its fitness for a special time or a special nation; though, personally, it be for us both useless and unfit. We believe in a holy spirit and a loving life, humble, pure and trusting, and under whatever form, even under whatever superstition we find the heart of Christ, there we say is God, there is His Kingdom, till, at last, there is no spiritual movement in the world, no noble and inspired book, no sect, no church, no religion, whatever be its name, which does not become important, interesting to us, one regiment in the great army of the kingdom of God in its march against the evil of the world.

And this immense expansion of the spirit and the intellect together, realised in our increasing knowledge of God revealing Himself at sundry times and divers manners to the human race is, indeed, to leave the rudiments of the kingdom and to go on to perfection in it; but the expansion is the natural development of the rudiments, as a tree is of its seed; and the power of development arises from the original impression of love and its kingdom being received in the spirit of a child and kept faithfully, through a long life, unspotted by the world. This, then, is the general idea, and I have set its larger lines before you. It remains to take the same idea into our personal experience, to bring it home to our daily lives. And I will take the divine grace of love, and the feeling of trust, and show how they grow from the child like into the adult

grace from their beginning into their perfection.

It will be easy for you, having gone through these two examples, to apply the same explanation to the development of the other graces of the Kingdom of God in us—to humility, to purity of heart, to justice, to pity, to hope and peace.

First, then of love. The love of the husband to the wife, and of the wife to the husband in the early days of marriage is, in its source and indeed in its form, a true image of the love we have to God when we first realise that He loves us; and we, feeling forgiven and at home with Him, rejoice in the peace of satisfied affection. The love of a child to his father or mother is also an image of another part of our love to God. Well, the first sweetness, the morning freshness, the early beauty of married love, as also of a child's love to its parents—these endure, with all their soft enchantments, through the after development of love as it grows, through experience, from its rudiments into perfection. For true love does not remain what it is at first; it is expanded. The love of the child to the parent, of the lover to the person loved, deepens into a far more complex passion. When years have passed by, a thousand experiences, with all their associations, have been added to its morning simplicities. The varied and stately edifice it is in after life had been built up of many things battled for together; of many trials endured together; of sympathies interchanged; of good received and good given; of differences which revealed character and wakened fresh interests; of discussions which ended in mutual surrender; of sorrows, of joys which opened new worlds in life, and into which both went hand in hand; of reserve which was respected yet broken through in hours of passion; of hours when absolute union was felt, then doubted, then lost, then felt again in various fashion; of the thousand thoughts and dreams and emotions which, in absence and in presence, each gathered round the character, the personality of the other; and of many other things too long to tell, but which love in your heart knows well.

All this is added to first love, and develops it. What a web it is; of how many myriad threads is it woven; what pictures are wrought into it; what passions have not driven their shuttle through it; what memories; what hopes are there which do not belong to time alone, but also to eternity! It is very different from the love with which it began, but it has grown out of that root, and the root remains. It is addition, expansion, not destruction of the old. But always—and how often has not this return of memory restored the soul of love in hours of coldness, doubt, and quarrel—it can go back to the first simple, childlike romance, the ineffable sweetness of the springtide, when first we entered the kingdom of love.

That is an image, and a true one—all false feeling being put aside—of the development of our first love to God; of the passage from the rudiments of the kingdom to perfection. We have now realised a hundred-fold more of His character than then we realised! Now we love His will and do it, because we have proved its rightness through years of trial. The long communion we have had with Him has bound us to Him by the cords of many circumstances in which we have felt His constancy, strength, and tenderness. We are now sure of Him for ever. Trouble does not shake our affection now. It is loyal, even when the cross is heaviest. Doubt may come for a time, but we feel certain we shall get through it, and be nearer Him than before. When things are at the darkest, we love Him the most. He has been with us through seas of trial, tempests of sorrow, days of joy, temptations that went near to shipwreck us, weary hours of half-despair, and He has brought us out of them all as conquerors, till around our love there are now collected a thousand thousand memories which endear Him and strengthen us.

This is the development of love, and everyone of you who have lived even a little with God your Father knows what it means. But however it develops, into whatever complex and veteran feeling, we can always, in a moment—and it is great consolation to the weary and troubled soldiers of the Cross—drop back into the first child-like feeling of simple, unself-conscious love, and live in the dew and sweetness of that; and think, that when the battle is over, we shall be a child again in our Father's kingdom. Nothing dearer to old age than that blest conviction!

So much for the expansion of love; now what is the growth of trust? How, and into what does it expand?

A child's trustfulness is established by persistent kindness of love, by protection and shelter from

trouble, by reasonable and just restriction. He is educated at first through being made happy. And it is thus God deals with us, when we first enter His kingdom, when we are too weak as yet to leave the nest, and to face, all armed, the good fight of faith. Our early religious life ought to be full of the pleasure of a happy child, and often it is so. Our faith is that of a child —simple, rejoicing, peaceable, and untried. Our Father, for a time, shelters us from evil in His tenderness. And we rest on Him, as a child in his mother's arms, and think that we shall always abide in a trust of this unwarlike fashion. It is good for the Christian in his childhood; it is not enough for the Christian in his warfare. We must attain a fuller faith than that. We need a trust which will carry us triumphantly through hurricane and shipwreck, through the agony of doubt, and the long withstanding of evil; which will be our shield against all evil, and supply us with the wit of patience, when we are met by the Sphinx of life whose questions we must answer or die.

For the times come when all human powers are strained to the utmost in resistance to evil or endurance of pain; and if our trust in the love of God, our belief in His justice, in the eternal rightness of His ordering of the world, be only that of the child, it cannot stand the shock. It falls, and difficult and slow is the upbuilding again. Therefore it is that life as it goes on makes so many calls on our faith, challenges our trust so often. It is as if we were forced to train and exercise our faith, to develop it in varied circumstances, to beat its shield into immortal and resistful temper! At first we murmur at, even resent, the trouble to which we are put. We dislike being thrown on our own responsibility; forced to choose, without visible help, between duties and doubts, and in grave crises of life. And when trouble deepens, and the trials grow harder and harder, we are sometimes indignant. "I have served God, and is this my reward?"

It is our folly to be indignant. For if we have borne ourselves like true soldiers of Jesus Christ what is the result? Why, moral strength, spiritual sight of the invisible realities, and noble, immortal, accomplished trust in God. We have made our childish trust into perfection. Having found, when we worked and loved our best in the accumulating trials of life, that we have always had a Helper and Father at our right hand to strengthen us in the battle, found light in darkness and tenderness in pain—our trust in God grows into an unshakeable fortress in which we abide securely, waiting for the eternal peace. We have left the beginning and moved into the full expansion of this mighty power of the soul. Practically trust has become courage, the courage which can resist with joyous confidence the forces of pain or passion to overcome the soul, the courage which begins life again when it seems to be ruined, the courage which never thinks of defeat except as a step to victory. Trust in God is then translated into the full-grown power which believes that we are at one for ever, in an unbreakable union, with a goodness and love who is omnipotent. That is a noble progress. And it was into this that S. Paul had advanced when he wrote the Epistle to the Romans. When Christ first revealed to him the Kingdom of the Father his trust was the submission of a child anxious to prove itself. "Lord," he cried, "what wilt thou have me to do?" A few years passed by, and in their course many trials and woes had fallen to his lot. Life was a crucifixion. "I am crucified with Christ." Was he then dismayed, had he lost heart, was his faith in the love of God diminished?

No, this is that into which trust had grown from its first childlike acquiescence—and there are no words more victorious and more inspiring—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us! For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

This is the growth of trust, the growth of love, the growth of Christian childhood into Christian manhood. This is to live as a veteran in the kingdom we entered as a child.

It is different now from that which we knew it to be when first we saw the vision of it, and first received its joy; as different as our later

knowledge of a great historic city is from our vision of it when first it smote on our imagination. But as we can always, for refreshment, return to dwell with our early joy in the city when we are wearied with searching its archives, so, in the weariness of the Christian battle to perfection, we can visit the happy days when first we saw the city of God, and drink the dew of its meadows, and hear its streams of love, the innocent beauty of it is still untouched within. Never, in the midst of our growth, do we altogether put away our childish things. However wise with experience we may be, however worn with war, we can, in a moment, feel the hand of Christ upon our heads when first we came to Him, and the thrill of joy and love with which we heard Him say, "Suffer this little child to come unto Me, forbid him not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." However grave and strong with many conquests the warriors of God may be, in accomplished womanhood and manhood, there are hours of solitary peace when they lie, like children who have prayed their little prayer at night, and ask to be carried in their Father's arms, and to sleep within His tenderness. Deep down (in the silence of the soul, for these things are secret) we keep untouched our early Paradise, pure and sweet and fresh; the morning of our life with God, the childhood of our spirit, and visit it when we are weary. And it is well, for it is into that childlike loveliness of love, into that immortal childhood of trust, into the kingdom of the child's unconsciousness of self, that we shall pass, perfected with Christ, when all our labour on the earth is done.


# The Seed Sower.

The *Seed Sower* is localised by the Western Union (all the churches); the South Wales Union (all the churches); Essex and Unity Churches, London, Belfast, Hull, Gorton, Hyde, Mansfield, all the Birmingham Churches and many others.

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## Pioneers and Preachers.

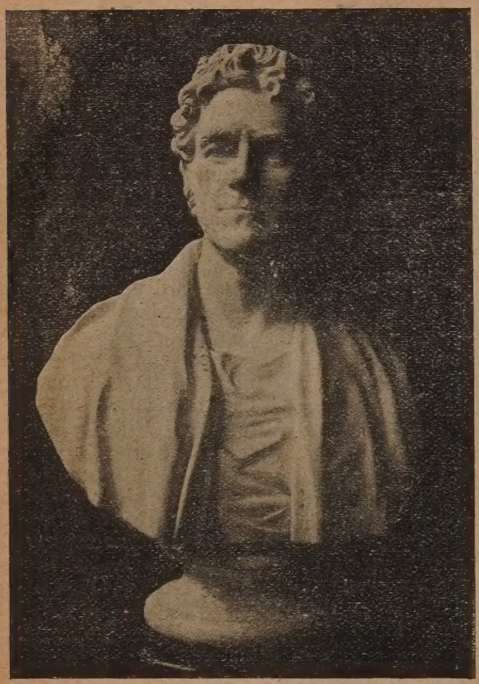
### I.—ARNOLD OF RUGBY.

In a small side chapel in Westminster Abbey, almost hidden away behind monumental masonry, there is ranged a group of six memorial busts, rich in religious significance. Wordsworth, Keble, Maurice, Kingsley, Thomas Arnold, Matthew Arnold—all these are here together in goodly company. And they represent in part an epitome of the best thought of the nineteenth century. Wordsworth and Arnold the younger, his interpreter, stand for a forward movement in its poetry; Keble for a significant, if retrograde, movement in its ecclesiastical theory; Arnold the elder, Maurice, and Kingsley, for a progressive movement in its religious life, and its theology. The three last, with others like themselves, Milman and Robertson their contemporaries, Stanley and Jowett in later days, were a strong religious force during their lives, and the stream of their influence still flows, though apparently lost amidst troubled waters, and to-day somewhat difficult to trace. There is all the more reason, hence, for recalling some of the things which they did and said for the religion of England in their day and century.

First of this group, in lead and in regard, stands Arnold.

Dr. Arnold is known to everybody as the great headmaster of Rugby, and as the subject of Dean Stanley's biography. But he was more than a famous schoolmaster, or the hero of the Dean of Westminster, or the matter of two of the best books in English Literature. Indeed he touched the religious life of England at so many points, and with such vigorous force, that it is impossible in a few words to do him adequate justice. Say that he was a religious reformer wherever religion most needed reform, and you do not make too bold a claim. But, for the sake of compression and clearness, let us note the four most distinctive ways in which he was a true pioneer of progress.

His first work for religion was in the cause of *Education*. He was the founder of a noble band who have lifted up the public schools of



DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

England to a worthy position in the land, and raised the moral standard by which Englishmen judge, and are ready to be judged. Behind the manly intercourse with his boys, of which we possess such touching instances, lay the deep and reverent intention to turn school training into religious discipline—a new conception in his time. And in carrying out this conception he was so humble and simple, so healthy and genuine; he was no mere clergyman airing his profession; he said what he meant, and spoke as he felt, and did what was right, without any conventional thought that so to speak, or act, was appropriate or expedient. And hence those earnest Rugby sermons of his have made Rugby Chapel a very sacred place, and the fitting home of his rest. Is there any poem by his gifted son which we read more tenderly than his *Rugby Chapel* elegy? Is there any biography you *would* read more reverently than its secret spirit history—"the eager outlook into life . . . the opening awe, the thrilling touch of things invisible; the dawning perception of the divineness of Christ, and the nearness of the living God; the tumultuous grief roused by the funeral bell, or the solemn wonder as if it swung in the air of eternity, and made the dead silence speak." Such is the description of one who kept for the headmaster of Rugby one of the most sacred niches in his memory. No wonder that those trained under him caught something of his religious contagion, and proved themselves in their manhood's day the sturdy friends of religious liberty, and added their labours to his in the best life of the century. In claiming for education not the mind alone, or the body, but the conscience, heart and spirit equally, or in supremacy, no one has made a deeper change than he.

The second reform due to Arnold in the main is the conception that *all History is divine*, not some sacred and some profane. What did this new declaration mean? It implied, on the one hand, that the history of Greece and Rome was not mere paganism, fit only for college examination, but was part of the long story of God's dealings with men, with deep underlying moral and religious meaning, and with many a solemn lesson for our own time. But it also implied, on the other hand, that the Bible histories of the Jews and early Christians must be similarly read with historical knowledge, with wide open eyes, and without any coloured spectacles of special providences or presuppositions. It is claimed for Arnold that he was the first in England to make the demand that the Bible should be treated in the same way as all other history, with a due regard to evidence, and a due acquaintance with its dates and books. How far this claim can be sustained we need not here stay to examine, but one thing is certain, that, although he did not quite attain the requirements of the Higher Criticism, he drove more than one nail into the coffin of bibliolatry and infallibility, and

also helped to pull down the wall of separation which confined the sacredness of history to a final revelation in the past, and obscured the continual revelation of God to-day, to the English nation no less than in olden Palestine. And that was a mighty deed for God.

A third reform which Dr. Arnold desired weas to *Christianise Christianity*. He had a d voted and unbounded faith in the power of Christianity to redeem and transform the world. But he saw very plainly that this could never be through the official and theological Christianity of his day. Christians themselves were too much concerned with their doctrines and divisions, too addicted to drawing lines of separation between the Church and the world, too bent on their personal salvation to give themselves to saving the masses, too intent on escaping eternal punishment to combat and put to rout the great sins of injustice. And so he was one of the earliest to raise the cry which aroused nineteenth century philanthropy, to call for a Christianity which should be not only individual and theological, but social and moral. A holy desire fired him to Christianise English civilisation, to direct Christian teaching and action towards the amelioration of life in every form and under every condition, nation, city, town, home, and make all England thus a kingdom of our God and of his Christ. That desire has made great strides since Arnold's days, and captured many hearts for its service, and it is bright with future promise, but Arnold incurred much odium from the traditional Christian for making anything more important than doctrine.

His fourth work follows from the last, and was a brave attempt *to broaden out the National Church for the national life*. A so-called National Church which keeps half the nation outside its doors was to him an anomaly, a catastrophe, an iniquity. The Church must recover its lost nationality. It must pursue no more, but abandon utterly, its phantom of uniformity. This phantom only allured men from a real and attainable union. The Church must now again make room for those whom it had driven out by expulsion ; it must again embrace the Nonconformists. Its aim must be not isolation but inclusion; its watchwords, charity, toleration, comprehension ; its realisation that the differences between Christians are as nothing in comparison with their agreements and underlying union. It must, therefore, be willing to fling its doors open—wide as the gate of heaven. Then would the Church and the State become one and the same—two expressions of one common aim. Then would party spirit, sectarian ambition, crooked ways and cross purposes, oppositions and overlappings, all sink into insignificance, and there would be an immense united impetus towards Christian love, and work, and righteousness, which would sweep through the camps of the contending sects, and set them in common array against iniquity, common Christian patriotism for their country, common devotion for the coming of the kingdom of heaven.

This ideal, this dream has fired the enthusiasm of the very best of men—Hooper, Chillingworth, Selden, Whately, Maurice, Stanley, Jowett, Phillips Brooks, Dr. Martineau, and many others amongst the dead and gone, and a faithful few amongst the living. It is nothing more than mere beating the air, some may declare ; nothing has come of it, or will ever. Only the future can furnish the answer. Yet, something *has* come—something always does come from striving after a great conception, pressing towards an ideal as yet unattainable. In Arnold's case it led him to advocate the abolition of University Tests (since accomplished), the removal of disability from Roman Catholics (since accomplished), the bestowal of justice upon Nonconformists (since accomplished) the optional use of the Athanasian Creed (since revived), the reversal of importance from dogmas to life, from the sectional to the Catholic ideal, for which his disciples worked and spoke and for which we must work still. I like Arnold's plain and open definition of the Church :—"A society for the purpose of making men like Christ."

"From what a good man *does* there is no higher lesson to be learned than what he *is*." It has been said that, whatever reforms Dr.

Arnold inaugurated his own life was worth them all. And whatever men thought of his ideas—and they were received with wild opposition—they were forced to honour and respect the man. His irresistible goodness conquered them. They saw in him and his labours one of the most consistent and chivalrous attempts to do a very difficult thing—viz., to carry out religion into action, and make secular pursuits its chief witness. He was a manly, courageous, generous Christian, real and human at every point of his being—one who not only taught men, but inspired them.

> Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself ;
> And, and at the end of the day,
> O faithful Shepherd ! to come,
> Bringing Thy sheep in Thy hand.

That cheerful, helpful, and firm inspiration still flows on through the life of the nation, still influences our education, our religion, our church comprehension ; still utters words of trust and courage to those who are working for highest ends.

FRANK K. FREESTON.

[*Next month—Robertson of Brighton.*]

## The Christian Name and the Liberal Faith.

### AN ADDRESS,

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD.

II.

What, then, is our mission as Liberal Christian Churches ? It is to re-Christianise Christianity. It is to show that Christianity is not to be identified with a certain speculative theology, but with a certain type of character ; and further, to show that a great deal of what passes for Christianity is essentially unchristian, irrational, immoral, derived from Pagan sources, and must be pruned away if Christianity is to realise the promise of its beginning.

These irrational and immoral elements do not, of course, more than to a limited extent destroy the Christianity with which they are associated. The things Jesus taught are so vital that, in spite of a thousand corruptions mixed up with them, they still work mightily for righteousness, peace, and love. Yet I firmly believe that the triumph of Christianity has been delayed by the popular theology with which it is identified more than by anything else. We wonder why Christianity has not done more. The answer is not far to seek. It is not Christianity which has been offered the world, but an adulterated thing from which reason and conscience turn away in despair.

What is Christianity ? The Churches mostly answer that question by proclaiming a set of doctrines which are collectively known as orthodoxy—speculative doctrines ; doctrines, many of them, difficult to be understood ; doctrines which the intellect of man has shaped and can re-shape. These doctrines are something right away from the Sermon on the Mount, and are far removed from the simplicity which is in Christ, so that the Christianity of Christendom is largely a different thing from the Christianity of Jesus. I do not speak now of the intolerable bigotries, cruelties, and persecutions of which the Churches have been guilty in the past, and which led to crimes as grievous and hateful as ever disgraced the most benighted Paganism. Nothing has ever been in more deadly opposition to the spirit and teaching of Jesus than the practice of the Christian Church in its zeal for orthodoxy.

> Face loved of little children long ago !
> Head hated of the priests and rulers then !
> Say, was not this Thy passion to foreknow,
> In Thy death's hour, the works of Christian men?

Happily, after long ages of trial and bitterness, the bad old spirit of intolerance has been largely cast out.

But I speak now of the peculiar series of theological ideas which bigotry took upon itself to defend, and which, in substance, still remains the test of orthodoxy. I speak of that fundamental misconception which consists in regarding Christ's religion as a creed to be received on peril of eternal loss, rather than a life to be lived. I speak of those views and opinions about God and man, Jesus and the Bible, sin and the future, which bear

the popular name of orthodoxy, which I hold to be essentially corrupt and corrupting. I am not even thinking of the orthodox dogmas about the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Procession of the Holy Ghost, for the sources of which we must go to the Greek school of Alexandrian philosophy, not to the Gospel. The list of corrupt and corrupting doctrines known as the orthodox faith includes, among others, the doctrine of the fall of the whole human race in Adam; the doctrine of universal and total depravity; the doctrine of endless torment in a horrible hell for all who die unrepentant; the doctrine that Christ's sufferings persuade an angry God to be merciful and, in some way, satisfy the claims of Divine Justice; the doctrine of substitutionary Atonement, which, by a legal fiction, clothes the sinner in the merits of Christ, and puts the demerits of the sinner to the account of the Saviour; the doctrine that a time will come when God will cease to love and care for His wandering children, leaving them to blackness and darkness for ever; the doctrine of sudden and miraculous conversion, so that, as by a lightning flash, a man all vile one moment, may the next moment be fit for heaven; the doctrine of an infallible Bible; and, finally, not to mention many others, the doctrine and practice of Jesus-worship, which is so popular in our time as largely to crowd out the worship of God.

Turn for a moment from all these immoral and irrational doctrines to the teaching of Jesus Himself. Did He ever call Himself God, and bid men worship Him? Did He ever say anything about the authority and infallibility of the Bible? Did He ever teach a doctrine of total depravity? Did He ever talk about Atonement? Did He ever speak of reconciling God to man? Did He ever represent God as only to be appeased by suffering? What were the things upon which He laid stress? Who would gather from the creeds of the Churches that the things for ever on the lips of Jesus were love to God and man, meekness, mercifulness, compassion, patience, forgiveness, purity, righteousness and peace? Who would gather, from the insistence on right doctrinal views, that Jesus put all the emphasis of His teaching on conduct? Or that one of the most striking features of His mission was to tighten, in an incredible degree, all the obligations of morality? Who would think, from the favourite entreaty, heard from a thousand pulpits—"Only believe," that the gospel of Jesus was a gospel of right-doing? "The gospel," says Ruskin, "'Let His life rule your lives' is eternally true and salutary. The gospel, "'Let His life be instead of your lives' is eternally false and damnatory."

One-half of popular Christianity is not the Christianity of Christ at all. It is a caricature of His teaching—it crucifies Him afresh. Of all the corrupting things which tend to make the Gospel other than the sweetly reasonable thing Jesus taught and lived, of all the things which tend to make it an offence to the best thought and intelligence of the time, nothing can compare with the blighting influence of the orthodoxy which includes these doctrines. Christianity has been wounded in the house of its friends.

To-day, as of old, orthodoxy proclaims that it and it alone has a right to the Christian name, that it and it alone is Christianity, and that anything opposed to it is not Christianity. So it is that some of our Liberal friends refuse any longer to march under the Christian flag. So plainly do they see that the Christian name now stands identified, in the minds of the mass of mankind, with orthodoxy—something which they believe to be false and degrading, that they declare it to be hopeless to recapture the name for truth and progress.

I do not agree with them. I feel the force of their reasoning, but I am convinced their conclusions are the conclusions of despair. The task of re-Christianising Christianity may be a hard one, but it is by no means hopeless. It might have seemed hopless at one time to cast out of Christianity the spirit of bigotry and persecution, but that difficult task has been nearly accomplished. To despair of winning back the Christian name for the teaching and spirit of Jesus is to despair of the world's future We may be a long time in doing it, but all the better forces of our civilisation are rallying to our side. Orthodoxy already begins to totter to its fall.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

Do not, however, mistake me When I speak of the immorality of many of the doctrines of popular and orthodox Christianity, I do not say that the men who believe in the orthodox creeds are not Christian people. God forbid. On the contrary, I admire their piety and reverence their goodness. But their Christian character consists in no sense in their orthodoxy, but in spite of it. Their personal Christianity is something incomparably higher, broader, sweeter, diviner, and altogether a different thing from their orthodoxy. Their Christianity would remain all the same if their orthodoxy should vanish.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## Ere the Day.

We wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day;
And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play.
Oh! our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow dropt the curtain.
Ay, we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day.

There were buds within our garden, but they never came to flower;
There were birds among our bushes, but they only sang an hour.
And we laughed to see the swallow, but the summer did not follow;
There were buds within our garden, but they never came to flower.

'Tis a garment white and silken, 'tis a white and misty veil,
'Tis a pair of little slippers—O dear love!—so white and frail.
Is the manhood in me dying that I'm sitting here and crying
O'er a garment and a slipper and a never-opened veil?

Dear, the world is empty—empty as the gemless golden band,
The token I had fingered and that never found your hand.
They've been telling me the story of an everlasting glory;
But you were the only preacher I could ever understand.

Ah, we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day;
And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play.
But our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow dropt the curtain.
Hark! a single bell is calling . . . and this should have been the day.

J. J. Bell.

## Think—.

Think that life is worth living, no matter how hard it is to live.

Think that life is worth having, although it may not come up to just *your* expectations.

Think that it is worth while to be doing something, even if there is not much you can do. You can always be doing something for somebody else, even if there is nothing which you can do for yourself.

Think that your life is in danger, and that it rests with *you* to save it. If you do not take care, you will miss the purpose of life, and make a failure of it.

Think that your home is in danger. Be on the look-out. Every act of yours helps to mar it or beautify it. The character of your home depends upon *you*.

Think that your city is in danger, and that it rests with *you* to save it from all the demoralising tendencies which threaten it.

Think that your country is in danger, that it may perish for want of true citizens. Be a citizen *yourself*, with all that the word implies; and then your country will be safe.

Think that the whole human race is in danger, and that what *you* do and make of yourself will help to save it. You are responsible for the Brotherhood of Man to which you belong.

Think that, if you do not make the fight for the *Good*, nobody else will. If you do not save your country, your home, your own life, nobody else can.

Think that nature is trying to drag you down, that the forces of evil are against you, and that you must conquer nature. *You can if you will.*

Think that, if you want to have a soul, you must *earn* it. You cannot have it for the asking.

Think that, if you want to keep what soul you've got, you must fight for it. Be on your guard, or the best self within yourself will be lost before you know it.

Think that life from the beginning to the end is a struggle, a *glorious* struggle. The effort to win the conflict and show yourself a man is what gives life its purpose. Remember the saying of Darwin: *After all, a man can do his duty.*

## The Fellowship of Truth.

Trust not the judgment of a mere specialist. He who knows nothing but his speciality knows not that. It is because some scientists have studied nature too much in fragments that they have banished God from the universe. It is not the great scientists, but the small ones, that lose sight of God. The trend of science is to bind all the differences of the world into an organic whole. If we could know completely one thing, even a tiny dew-drop that sparkles like a diamond in the sunrise, we should know all things. So there is true wisdom, as well as true beauty, in Tennyson's song to the flower:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Just as in science man puts the world under different laws until in time he arrives at the grand conception of a universal law, so in religion he puts the world under different gods until he finally gets the belief of one God.

Each sect in religion has had a fraction of truth, in some cases a splendid fraction; but it has mistaken the fraction for the whole number.

What is the most significant characteristic of the intellectual life of the century? It is the decay of sectarianism in science, in medicine, in the philosophy of government, in literature, in education, in religion. The progress of any sect may be measured by the extent to which it has moved forward into the broad, free empire of the fellowship of all truth and all men.

The sectarian is like the man who looks at the starry firmament through a small tube: one star occupies his whole vision. Thus he looks at religion: one truth fills the whole mental horizon. But God has many stars shining in their lustrous beauty; and he has many rays of truth streaming into the mind of the race. The sun illuminates all the planets as they go whirling round it; but it illuminates them in different positions, and with different degrees of intensity. So does the spiritual sun of truth beam out upon the nations of the earth, striking at different angles the great human intellect of the world. Hence all nations have a mission from above, and all the great religions a message to give.

In the alternating dynamo, as the electricians call it, when a current of electricity is started in one direction, a counter-current is set up in the opposite direction. Out of this antagonism come heat, light, power. Now, the intellectual nature of the race is a kind of alternating dynamo. When one mind starts a line of thought in one direction, it is sure to provoke some other mind to a counter-line of thought. Thence you have the fire and light of controversy. Error gets eliminated; and the vital, permanent truth comes uppermost. The great divine, Robertson, said understandingly, "Every truth is built up of two apparent contradictory propositions." Let us not seek so much to prove other religions false as to try to find in them what is true. Whatever seems helpful to high characters and high living, that belongs to me; and I shall be in no wise anxious to label it with a stamp of this or that sect. Truth is the common property of all who can receive it. This shall be thy commandment: freely and willingly receive, freely and willingly give.

## A Truce to the Name.

Twice already within the new century attempts have been made by more or less prominent persons to raise a discussion in our weekly periodicals on a "Name" for our churches. We do not propose to take any part in such a stale and ancient controversy. At the present moment we decline to walk into any den of lions. We have a good deal of sympathy with those in our midst who confess themselves utterly sick of a subject which has done more to divide us than anything else that could be mentioned. To quarrel about names is pitiable when there is so much pressing work we are unable to overtake. It was not baptising them with a name which made the dry bones of the valley live. And what our churches want is not a name, old or new, but a breath of life from the four winds. We suggest very seriously to our friends whether it will not be wise to call a truce with regard to the irritating question of a name. Let us agree to a self-denying ordinance that for the next five years the question of name shall not be brought up among us. Let ministers, editors correspondents, ecclesiastically-minded laymen,

and all others concerned, taboo all mention of the name for a short five years, and let anyone offending during that time be bound hand and foot and cast into the lowest dungeons of Essex Hall! Then let his reading be confined to the back numbers of the *Inquirer*, until at the expiration of his sentence he comes forth a wiser if sadder man! For five years let us turn our thoughts and energies to our work, and during that time refrain from biting our thumbs at one another as to what we shall call each other. Perhaps by that time the name will have settled itself.

## Old Age Pensions at Stroud.

Immediately after the passing of the Act of 1875, a benefit club of Stroud drew up a set of rules, which secured in addition to the usual sick and funeral funds, an old age pension. It has worked with remarkable success, and our readers may be interested to have the particulars of the plan.

The Stroud scheme, which comprehends a sick fund, a funeral fund, and an old-age pension is perfectly simple and intelligible. A choice of six rates of payment is offered, beginning as low as a halfpenny a day, and reaching as much as threepence a day. Suppose the rate of a penny a day is chosen; this amounts to sevenpence a week, and two shillings and fourpence a month. The regular payment of this entitles a person who enters at any age between sixteen and thirty to sick pay of ten shillings a week, and his proportionate share of the capital of the club, which is calculated at the close of each financial year. The subscription to the funeral fund, which is a small item, is collected independently. When a member reaches the age of thirty his regular payment of sevenpence a week is increased each succeeding year by the net sum of sixpence per annum; thus in his thirty-fifth year he pays two shillings and sixpence extra, at forty years five shillings extra, and at fifty years ten shillings extra. These extra payments are necessary inasmuch as the average sickness increases as a member advances in years. The official tables show that the liability to sickness between sixteen and thirty is nearly stationary, and averages $6\frac{3}{4}$ days per annum; above thirty the liability increases every year, the average being $7\frac{3}{4}$ days; at forty it is 9 days, and at fifty it is 12 days. In the case of a member whose subscription is twopence a day, his extra payments to meet sickness are twice as much as those of the member who subscribes one penny a day, and he is entitled to twenty shillings a week of sick pay; in the case of a member whose subscription is threepence a day, his extra payments are trebled, and he receives thirty shillings a week sick pay.

At the end of each financial year a valuation of the property of the club is made, and the whole of it is divided among the members in proportion to the rate of their subscriptions —that is, the member who has paid one penny a day receives one share, and those who have paid twopence and threepence receive two and three shares respectively. The money is divided, but it is *not* distributed, and each member has a pass-book in which the money to which he is entitled is entered. A member who pays one penny a day may anticipate an accumulation of wealth on the following scale :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| In 10 years ... ... | 12 | 11 | 5 |
| „ 20 „ ... ... | 33 | 0 | 9 |
| „ 30 „ ... ... | 66 | 7 | 7 |
| „ 40 „ ... ... | 120 | 13 | 7 |
| „ 50 „ ... ... | 208 | 1 | 8 |

At the age of sixty-five a member's connection with the club ends, unless he desires to keep up his payments to the funeral fund and secure the benefit which thence accrues. When he leaves the club he finds himself the possessor of about £200, which he can invest if he pleases in the purchase of an old-age annuity from government which will bring something like £20 a year as long as he lives. Those members who have paid twopence and threepence a day to the club will be able to secure annuities of £40 and £60 respectively.

A member who for any causes wishes to leave the club may do so on forfeiting his two last years' shares of the surplus funds by way of compensation.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the Stroud club is managed. In addition to

the usual sick and funeral funds, it secures to its members old-age pensions without asking a farthing from the parish rates or the national exchequer.

## News from the Field.

STRATFORD ON-AVON.—The Rev. Arthur Ryland, assistant minister to the Rev. J. Wood, at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the recently formed church in Shakespeare's town.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Rev. J. B. Higham, B.A., at one time a curate in the Anglican Church, has been invited to take charge of our church in this important and rapidly-growing town.

BATH.—The Rev. John McDowell, Manchester, has accepted a call to Trim Street Chapel.

CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. E. G. Evans, B.A., of Manchester College, Oxford, has accepted an invitation to the ministry of Chesterfield, in succession to the Rev. A. Bennett, M.A., now of Monton.

LEWES.—Rev. J. Gorton has intimated his resignation of the church at Lewes.

The annual meetings of the Manchester District Association were held on Saturday, March 16th. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Wood, in the Cross Street Chapel. The evening meeting was addressed by the Rev. W. C. Bowie and J. C. Street. The tenth annual report stated that the income for 1900 was £562, and expenditure £678. Unless the income for 1901 could be considerably increased the expenditure would probably exceed it by £200. The forward movement scheme is now complete, the Queen's Road and Heaton Moor chapels being opened in 1900, and the Chorlton-cum-Hardy church last month.

The church at Aberdeen is to be sold, a site for a new building having been obtained at a cost of about £1350. The present church was opened in 1840. The Rev. Alex Webster has resigned his seat as a member of the Aberdeen School Board in order to devote all his energies to his congregation.

It is with great regret we record the death of our friend, the Rev. John Byles, who resigned the pulpit at Northampton only a few months ago in consequence of repeated and dangerous attacks of heart disease. Mr. Byles passed away on Thursday, March 14th, at a hydro. at Richmond Hill, where he was undergoing treatment. Mr. Byles was formerly a distinguished Congregational minister, having filled the pulpit of the Congregational church at Ealing for twenty years, and subsequently for a short time at Wakefield. He was in his sixty-second year, and was connected with the Bradford family of the same name. Mr. Byles was a most charming personality and most able preacher. He is best known by his three volumes of sermonettes to children, and more delightful addresses to the young folk have never been published. He was a sunny, simple, unsophisticated man, of winning and attractive ways. His death is a great loss to our Free Churches whose cause he had so lately but earnestly espoused.

The annual meeting of the Midland Christian Union was held in the Newhall Hill Church, Birmingham, on Friday afternoon, March 29th. Owing to the great and united social meeting of Birmingham Unitarians, held the same evening in the Town Hall, and to which the delegates of the Union had been invited, only a business meeting was held. The report shewed an increased subscription list of £24. The officers of the Union made a strong appeal for further assistance, or some of the work will have to be abandoned.

EXETER.—The Rev. J. M. Connell, who has lately been appointed to share the ministerial work with the Rev. J. W. Chignell, has started a Sunday School in connection with George Street Chapel, which is meeting with gratifying success.

## An Evening Prayer for my Friend.

Now slowly sinks the tired sun,
And slowly comes the soft twilight;
Gladsome I rose when day begun,
And gladsome rest now it is done.
God keep my dear one safe this night.

The ling'ring rays of gold depart;
The last bird takes its homing flight;
And sweet peace soothes with gentle art
My happy but too eager heart.
God keep my dear one safe this night.

The stars come out about the lea;
A full moon rises clear and bright
Behind a giant cedar tree,
And kindly gazes down at me.
God keep my dear one safe this night.

Safe, though such weary miles away,
Beyond the reach of my fond sight.
We may not speak, but I can pray,
As round me throng these shadows gray,
"God keep my dear one safe this night."

Though distance separate us two,
Yet 'neath that moon so silver white,
Floating up yonder in the blue,
Both of us sleep and strength renew.
God keep my dear one safe this night.

Now may the hours of darkness shed
No dread alarm, no evil plight,
But peaceful dreams, till dusk is fled
Before dawn's shafts of rosy red.
God keep my dear one safe this night.

And may Truth's dayspring chase afar
The clouds that now make Error's night,
Till not a shade of doubt shall mar
The radiance of the morning star.
God bring my dear one to the light.

J. H.

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## Jack Frost.

Kept a close prisoner
To Mother Earth old,
Jack Frost hath bound her
With fetters cold,
Cruel in his power
He cares not at all,
Laughs at her sighing,
Heeds not her call.

Vainly the little buds
Try to get free,
Longing the daylight
Once more to see.
Vainly the streamlets
Try to run away,
Jack Frost with strong hand,
Bids them to stay.

Out peeps the sunshine,
King Frost's firm foe;
Swift comes the west wind,
Blows to and fro.
Jack Frost must vanish
With his fetters cold,
No more a prisoner
To Mother Earth old.

Little buds open,
Shine in the sun,
Little streams ripple,
Chatter and run.
Jack Frost must vanish
His power is o'er,
Sunshine and breezy wind
Rule Earth once more.—M. S. PARSONS.

## What Can Little Girls do?

What can little girls do
Even if they would?
Oh! if we were grown-up men,
Wouldn't we be good!
Wouldn't we kill dragons?
Wouldn't we make laws?
Nobody should run in debt—
No one lose a cause.
We would turn the prisons
Into houses grand,
Where the poor should eat and drink
Till they could not stand.
We would make the convents
Regions of romance;
All the nuns should marry quick
And be taught to dance.
What can little girls do
Even if they would?
Oh! if we were grown-up men,
Wouldn't we be good!

There should be no money,
Then there'd be no loss,
Never any little bills
To make people cross.
I forgot the beggars,
Be they young or old,
*They* shall have their pockets filled
Full of shining gold.
We would give each creature
That for which he longs;
We would burn the lesson books
And write heaps of songs.
In the poorest cottage
Fires should blaze so high;
Nobody should work too much—
Nobody should cry.
What can little girls do
Even if they would?
Oh! if we were grown-up men,
Wouldn't we be good!

There should be no smoking—
'Tis a great abuse;
Grown-up men should keep their breath
For a better use!
There should be no drinking,
Only kettledrums,
Grown-up men should never swear—
Never bite their thumbs.
We'd have no attorneys,
Only truth we'd speak;
And the rich should help the poor,
And the strong the weak.
Nobody should quarrel,
Or do things by half;
All the world should look alive—
All the world should laugh!
What can little girls do
Even if they would?
Oh! if we were grown-up men
*Wouldn't* we be good!

## April.

April laughed and threw a kiss:
Then, afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear;
And it straightway blossomed here.
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before,—
A tear for every kiss she threw,
From every tear a blossom grew,
Till she, laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

ANNA J. GRANNISS.